WAGNER AND "TANNHAUSER"

A TRAGEDY ALWAYS MISINTER-PRETED.

The Drama of a Man's Battle With Himself -Italian Ballet Versus Wagnerian Action-A Story Told for Men Alone.

A certain man dwelt in the midst of high and beautiful things. He was the friend of noble natures and was surrounded by the clear atmosphere of ideal thought. Poetry nurtured his fancy and music attuned his soul to the harmony of gentle life. He was beloved by a ruler of men, lofty in conception and aspiring in spirit. He had touched the heart of this ruler's daughter, a lady so fair to see and so sweet of disposition that men in all the land sighed for her favor. Of all suitors he was the most en couraged. Even a great poet, who loved the maid, knew that in her heart her choice was already formed and that it was not for

But the favored man was filled with the devil of discontent. He wearied of the beauty of truth, of the sweetness of ideal life. He suddenly went out from among his associates, and t. e world that was all his knew him no more. The maiden and the friend brooded in secret sorrow over his absence, but knew not where he was. He had gone to scenes of carnal revelry, where ideal life was unknown. He looked into the eyes of a woman to whom love was a consuming fire, and his blood was enkindled by her ardent gaze. He threw himself at her feet. He became a worshipper of the Scarlet Woman.

She was a woman with a genuine passion. She loved him. She wound her toils about him for her own joy. She would have kept him always. She was insatiable But he was a man. Within the man's soul time comes when not even a smouldering ember warms the heart. In the ideal life. where love is high and holy, this is not always so. But this man had forgotten the ideal life. He knew only that he was sick unto death of the gratification of his desire He yearned for a world in which pleasure was not unbroken. He craved the sting of pain, of disappointment, of sorrow. He thought of the sweetness of green fields, of the music of the song of birds.

But the Scarlet Woman would not let him ro. She tempted his senses with ravishments unspeakable. She lured his eyes and his thoughts. He clasped her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. Their touch sickened him. Then he lifted his arms to heaven and prayed, and his burden fell from him. The Scarlet Woman shrieked in her despair, but she held him no longer.

He went into the green fields. He heard the tinkling of the bell upon the bell-wether of the flock. He heard the piping and the song of shepherds. He heard the sacred hymn of worship, so long a stranger to his ear. He melted to tears. He fell upon the earth and wept his soul out in contrite supplication. And as he lay thus there came to him his old companionsthe ruler and the friend who had loved him. He would have fled crying, "Unclean, but they would not suffer him. The friend whispered to him the name of the pure woman he had loved. She loved him still. His salvation lay in her. He arose and

She loved and pitied him. He dared not tell her where he had been, but she understood that he had been tainted by sin. Still she was a woman, and she loved him; therefore she forgave. He was received again into the society of his former friends. He resumed his proud place in his old world. and every one rejoiced. But the poison of sin was in his veins. He had not yet paid his penalty. He must suffer, and through his own act.

So it came to pass that on a day he re vealed the hidden blackness of his heart. He disclosed the canker in his soul. turned from him. They would even have Alain birn, but she who was stricken the heaviest blow interceded for him. She prayed that he might yet be given the opportunity for repentance. Humbled to the dust, bitterly deploring his madness, he went forth to seek regeneration.

It was denied him. The canker in his soul could not be removed in life. He must suffer unto death. Waiting and watching for him to come again, the maiden faded. She sank as gently as a dewdrop in a her grave. She left the shadow of her beauty on the bier, her soul went heavenward like a vapor. Vainly searching for salvation, the man wandered back to the scenes of his downfall. Tortured by eternal remorse and unable to find relief, he desperately determined to drown himself once more in the sea of pleasure. The Scarlet Woman's image rose in his mind. He saw her rosy lips leaning toward him. He saw her snowy arms outstretched He would have gone to her, but the friend who still loved him, restrained him. And then he learned that the maiden was dead. It was enough. To him she became a saint and falling upon his knees he besought her to intercede for him. In the very breathing of the prayer he found salvation. Again his burden fell from him, and in death he was proclaimed greater than in life. He

was saved. That is the story of Wagner's "Tann-" That is the story which is usually hidden behind conventions of the stage devised by persons to whom this eloquent drama of a man's soul is nothing more or ss than a grand opera. This story is Richard Wagner's. It was made by him The old legends of the knight who tarried in the Venusberg and was cursed by Rome do not rise to the ethical grandeur of this dramatic version. Elizabeth is not found in them. Tanhaus r's salvation is not there. In the Tannha iser's legend the man returns to Venus and dies; and Pope Urban whose staff has blossomed in his hand, seeks him in vain. For this, the poem tells us, Urban is accursed. He has condemned Tannhäuser to eternal perdition.

In no way whatever is the thought of salration through a woman's love, which plays such an important part in the Wagnerian drama, suggested in the old stories Neither is there any connection between the original legend and the contest of singers at the Wartburg Castle in the early part of the thirteenth century, at which Wolfran ton Eschenbach was present. Wagner made the "Tannhauser," which bears his name, and the entire significance of its ethical tragedy is his creation.

But what do we see at the opera? A spectacular first act in which the ballet disports itself in the old-fashioned way as well as it can to music entirely unsuited to such sport. What does the convential Italian ballet master know? Only that the music is, as dance music, impossible and he is at his wits' ends to devise steps which will "go" to it. This is offered to us in lieu of a significant choregraphic action which should join with the music in firing our imaginations with a true conception of the baleful blare of unhallowed passion The pantomime-for that is what it should be-ought to convey to us not only a realging idea of a bacchanalian orgy, but of

that orgy as an outward and visible sym-bol of the war in Tannhäuser's spirit.

Such an action would form a fitting pre lude to the dialogue between Tannhauser and Venus. It would raise that much abused scene to the level of potency which was in Wagner's mind when he wrote it Then the wild cry to the Virgin of the Turned Into an Operatic Spectacle | agonized soul, would be a tragic climax. The so-called ballet is really a device of what the dramatists call preparation, but as it is habitually presented, it prepares for

nothing, for it means nothing. The appeal of Tannhauser to the Virgin is followed by one of those beautiful points of contrast which abound in the works of Wagner. The scene changes by a stage transformation to the valley before the Wartburg castle. The peace of a gentle landscape is before us. The gleaming reds and flaming yellows of the Venusberg give way to cool greens and to the blesses blue of the heavens. The tinkling of a sheep's bell is heard, and a shepherd plays a simple melody upon his pipe and sings to the praise of Holda, the godgess of spring. This change is well enough made at theorers house, but how much more eloquent it would be if the preceeding scene were well wrought

Again comes an emotional developmen leading to the resolution of Tannhauser rn and throw himself at the seet of Elizabeth As his spirits regain their old en mency he bursts into glagsomelet eech. The music throbs with joyous anticipation. The horns sound and the huntsmen with the fleshly appetites held wild orgy and the their dogs and horses appear. The stage should be filled with a gleeful bustle. What is needed here is an atmosphere of hopeful reaction from the , I o'm of the first part of the scene, when Tannha ser is prostrate in the dust. How lame it and is as a rule It is carried forward in the perfunctory style of a grand opera finale, and the conductor hi nself too often turns the music. which certainly does not reach the level of the mood, into a common ensemble The stage manager is still more to blame, the fire of passion burns to ashes. The for he permits the singers to line up behind the footlights and devote themselves to their pretty tone production without any thought of the action which ought to ac company the text.

> Such is the spirit which pervades the performance. There seems to be an impression that because "Tanni Liser" was written in the period preceding the development of the leit motif system that it is not to be treated as the later Wagnerian drama is. This is a racical error. Wagner's theory of the union of poetry, action, text and scenic illusion in the formation of a wholly new lyric art was as dear to his thought at the period of this opera as at that of "Tristan und Isolde." He had not yet worked out his musical system, but the score of "Tannta ser" everywhere shows that the author was striving to escape the old-fashioned opera and build a music drama

He had not yet fully developed his ideas as to the complete centralization of the music upon the emotions of the scene, and yet he had already formulated those ideas. He tells us in the "Communication o My Friends" that the fundamental tenets of his theory came to him in the composition of "Der Fliegende Hol. der." They were embryonic, to be sure, but the seed was sown in his mind. In "Tanni Alser" he temporarily dropped the method of representative themes, but the music. reely composed, is everywhere designed o . x ress the inner life of the characters. and in no opera did be succeed in writing anything more tragic in declamation than the narrative of the hopeless sinner in the

Finally it should be borne in mind that he pretagonist of this mighty tragedy is Tannhauser. His position is as clearly defined as that of Isolde. Tristan is not a protagonist in the true sense of the term. He is a help for Isolde, the real protagonist. The tragedy is hers; the climax the drame is here the mig ance of it is hers. Tristan is mated with Siegfried of "Gotterca.nmerung; Isolde

witi. Brunnhilde." But in the third of Wagner's dramas the tragedy is entirely Tannhauser's. The hattle of good and evil is in and for his soul. The salvation is his. The sacrifice of Elizabeth is for him. The death wound dealt to the tender heart of Wolfram is for him. The first act is to show his struggle for freedom from the slavery wrought by his own act. The whole second act is to show that sin still has domi ion over him, and that the curse of evil is that it begets evil. The third act is to show that reper tance may save even the soul tortured to the verge of dammation.

This drama is a sermon for men. Women think they understand "Tannhauser." but every man who looks into his own heart knows that no woman can measure the real significance of this tragedy. The woman who thinks she understands Tannhauser understands only Elizabeth. She knows the breadth and depth of a love that for gives. The woman who loves says of he beloved as Job said of his God: He slay me yet will I trust Him." The women comprehend that attitude. But hey do not drink in the full meaning of the war of the flesh and the devil with the aspiration for purity which a man't

mother bequeaths him. That is something which men alone know and which they bury in the deepest caverns of their hearts. Wagner was no moralist. H. was no professor of ethics He was no Christian. But he was a thorough Grecian, artist from soul to finger tips. He saw in the scattered materials from which he made his "Tannha ser" the ele ments of a tremendous tragedy. Grecia: and artist, he perceived with a vision as clear as that of Eschylus that a tragedy must deal not with physical misfortunes, but with psychological miseries and, like Eschylus and all the other Greek tragic poets, he saw that psychologic suffering was the punishment for violation of ethical

Out of these convictions he wrought ht Tannhäuser " his "Walkure," his "Götterammerung," his "Tristan" and his "Parsi-His management of poetic material became more skilful as his mind broadened and his experience deepened. His handling of a vast and complex musical system grew more delicate, more cunning, more igorous, more certain. But he built a drama on a more fruitful them than that of "Tannlauser.

W. J. HENDERSON.

MR. GOZZLEBY'S GAS BILL.

It Reminds Him of the Old-Time Stor

About the Quaker and the Liveryman. "There is an ancient and honorable story, said Mr. Gozzieby, "about a Quaker who once hired a horse and wagon at a livery stable. When he had brought the out fit back and had asked the liveryman how and the liveryman Lad told him-

My friend, said the man of peace ot wish to buy the rig, but only to

"And so when my gas bill came in this orning I was tempted to say to the col "'My friend, I did not wish to buy the gas works, but only so much of its product as would illuminate my modest home."

A GREAT WEEK IN PLAYLAND.

FIELD AND BELASCO. The Revival of "Julius Crear"-- Mans-

NOT ABLE PRODUCTIONS BY MANS-

field's Conception of Brutus-"The Darling of the Gods" Takes the Town by Storm-Nat Goodwin's Play

"I am willing to believe that in frame, as in other things, he [Shakespeare] belonged to his great generation and his great age; that with him as with Rabelais, Titian. Michel Angelo and Rubens, the solidity of the muscles was a counterpoise to the sensibility of the nerves; that in those days the human machine, more severely tried and more firmly constructed, could withstand the storms of passion and the fire of inspiration: that soul and body were still at equilibrium; that genius was then a blossom and not, as now, a disease."

Thus Taine, in a passage that forestalls Lombroso and the rest of the geniushating tribe of pseudo-psychologic mediocrities. And he, with his usual omniscience, calmly puts his judicial finger on the exact spot which ails modern men of genius. It was the fine equipoise of mental and physical health that enabled the dramatist of dramatists to create such fearful and wonderful shapes of tragic beauty. He had the sanity that his great predecessor Marlowe lacked; he had the fierce flame of passion that his great contemporary, Ben Jonson, needed to make him the peer of Shakespeare.

Yet the sacred fount did not always well up at the bidding of this magician. His Iulius Card is, as Georg Brandes truthfully declares, "a miserable caricature." Hazlitt says of the characters "We do not admire the representation here of Julius Car ar, nor do we think it answers to the portrait g ven in his commentaries. He makes several vapou ing and sather pedentic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he he nothing to do." Shakeepeare at a ed his Costr that his Brutus might be all the greater. It was an excellent dramatic exedient, but it is very indifferent history. "Casar was the purest and most Attic

writer of his country, and there is no trace of intemperance, in thought or expression, throughout the whole series of his hostilities. He was the most generous friend, he was the most pla able enemy; he rose with moderation, and he fell with dignity. With such an apologist as Walter Savage Landor the cause of Casar is in safe hands. This grand old man and writer berates Lord Brougham for speaking contempt. uously of the great conqueror. he cries," must be stripped of all his laurels and left bald; some rude soldier with be-mocking gestures must be thrust before his triumph. If he fights he does not know how to hold his sword: if he speaks he

speaks vile Latin. "Ubi Casar, ibi Roma" exclaims D: Quincey, quoting the old maxim of Roman jurisprudence. "Rome has not been repeated; neither has Casar." But it is Brandes who is loudest in defence. even holds out as testimony against the Baconian fantasts the fact that Shakes-

peare so misrepresented Casar. "This play is obviously written by a man whose learning was in no sense on a level with his genius, so that its faults, no less than its merits, afford a proof, however superfuous, that Shakespeare was himself the author of Shakespeare's works." Here is war carried into the enemy's camp with a vengeance! Brandes believes that "Julius Cæsar" was composed during the eventful times of the Essex and Southampton conspiracy against Flizabeth, and written with the picture of their ill-starred attempt in his mind's eye.

Chalmers and Malone set down the date of the actual composition of "Julius (mesar" as 16)7. But Sidney Lee and B andes say 1901, the year before "Hamlet" appeared So is it that the resemblances between the character of the antique fatidical conspirator and the Prince of Dreame's are oo marked to be overlooked. Goethe has said 'only the man of reflection has a conscience," and both Brutus and Hamlet are men of reflection, bookish men, dreamers of schemes for the general and particular good; the one a patriot, the other a poet, and the two temperamentally linked. Taey both had in common the faculty-or diseasy-of seeing visions, shadowy apparitions-"the awful projection of the human conscience," as D Quincey names it. There was metaphysics mixed in the murdering of Casar by Brutus, and Hamlet, being a Christian, had not the cruelty to send hellwards his uncle's soul unshrived.

However, apart from the injustice done to (asar by the dramatist, there is enough in the accounts of the men to be found in Suctonius to have colored Shakespeare's prejudices. He calls him in another play a thrasonical braggart" because of the famous Veni, Vidi, Vici. He makes him a superstitious weakling contrary to the express words of Suetonius: ligious feare of divine prodigies could ever fray him from any enterprise or stay him if it were once in hand." (dolland's translation.) It is to Plutarch we must go for the source of the misconception, Plutarch who despised Latin glory, Latin literature: the latter he never took the pains to read in the vernacular; Plutarch who exalted Greece and the Greeks above all the world Now. Shakespeare used North's version of Plutarc'ı (translated from the French of Amyct), which appeared in 1579. The re

sult was as might be expected. Suctonius had no love for Caius Julius Corar, as any schoolboy knows who has been punished for translating too literally

"Gallias Casar subegit, Nicomedes Casarem." Voltaire made a mess of Shakespeare's Casar in his tragedy "La Mort de César," which, as Prof. Lounsbury tells us, was written as early as 1731 and presented in 1735 at the College of Harcourt and in 1743 at Paris. He imitates the English bard in the scene where Brutus and Casar address the populace. Last, but by no means least, that incorrigible satirist who tells unpalatable truths behind his smiling Celtic mask, George Bernard Shaw, ha shown in his brilliant and delightful play Casar and Cleopatra," a very vital portrait of the man who crossed the Rubicon Cæsar." he solemnly adds in a side-splitting note, "was a man of great common sense and good taste, meaning thereby a man without originality or moral courage." Hardly fair to facts, Mr. Shaw! He admits a sense of humor in the man. for if his last speech be truthfully reported then Casar "must have been an incorrigible "And thou my Sonne," comedian." Suetonius-Holland have it. Brutus was, so gossips say, the son of Casar by Cato's sister. Servilia. This adds to the already dramatic muddy ingredients the disturbing crime of parricide

Saddest to relate is the historic fact that Brutus, the noblest stoic of them all, Brutus, the incorruptible idealist, was in reality a rapacious, bloodthirsty usurer who, hiding behind Scaptive, extorted from certain towns in Asiatic provinces "exorbitant interests with threats of fire and He had lent to the inhabitants of

kept their Senate so closely besieged by a equadron of cavalry that five Senators died of starvation. Shakespeare, in his ignorance, attributes no such vices to Brutus, but makes him simple and great at Corar's expense." [Vide Brandes.] So without danger of being accused of

bardolatry-the word is Shaw's coinage, is it not?-we may admire Shakespeare the maker of Brutus and sorrow at his perversion of the real Casar-a many-sided genius. After all, is not Plutarch the chief sinner? And of what kind is the Brutue of Mr. Mansfield? To answer this we framed an hypothesis last week by which we must critically stand or fall; else there are so many disquieting contradictions in his conception of the part that the idea of a central orbic interpretation must be abandoned. If Mr. Mansfield does not intend his Brutus as a imaginative man with mind distraught by the inevitable antinomy of his dreams and stern realities—then what does this decidedly novel characterization signify? Brooding, melancholic, atrabilious to peevishness-"I am not gamesome"nurses the cruel idea of Casar's taking off until, translating it all too unwillingly into action, he wields the fatal dagger. And he wields it as one who is hypnotized by fate; not as the strong man, master of his own volitions.

There is something morbid and mentally sick in this neurasthenic Brutus. He is a decadent and we feel that Mr. Mansfield has apprehended the character from a modern viewpoint. Hesitating, nervous, a stumbler on the threshold of dreams, a veritable noctambulist, this Brutus is often awesome. His tenderness is in an abstracted mood, though there is no doubt as to the native sweetness of the man's temper, ments. The actor makes this clear Apart from his natural pervousness last Monday evening, Mr. Mansfield presented the character just as he conceived it-a second visit to the play proved this. He effaced himself for three acts, knowing well that the type of man who is reflective, selfcontained, never makes the appeal popular And this Shakespeare knew when he put noisy, mouth-filling, rhetorical phrases in Marc Antony's speech. The laconic beauty of Brutus's argument is seldom successful with an audience-as it is easily o'ertopped on the stage by the specious eloquence of the false Antony.

The temper of that first-night audience at the Herald Square Theatre was not to be When Joseph Haworth misunderstood. spouted with syllabic ferocity his lines, the house went wild. It was the old-fashioned. popular notion of how Shakespeare should be mouthed. It was distinct; it was as hard as nails. Mr. Arthur Forrest, who erred in the other direction, really delivered his address with more polish, more dignity, though the note of sincerity-we mean his not Antony's-was sometimes missing. But why cavil? It is an entrancing revival of a sterling tragedy and-it is Shakespeare; for which, gratitude is due that erratic but great artist, Mr. Richard Mansfield

It would be mere repetition to further expatiate on the glories of David Belasco's The Darling of the Gods." That romantic drama has taken the town by storm; it may be a fixture at the Belasco Theatre until next spring. It deserves to be, for, despite the points that present themselves to critically pick at, the play is a real play and not a clothes horse, nor yet a dreamy skeleton upon which are disported fantastic upholstery and silly rhetoric. It is too long, even when reduced to the 11 o'clock limit. Beautiful as is the picture of "Kanzashi Forks at the Hour of Ox" it does not advance the action-it tells, picturesquely to be sure. that Kara does not come, that Kara is being watched; all of which we already know. And we protest against the needless butchery of that child in a later act. It but over-accentuates the numerous cruelties in the piece. The story is clearly told; it is not swamped by the scenic effects. Of this there can be no doubt. We may venture to hint that all the women on the stage, Blanche Bates included, are far too large for a faithful replica of the tiny, charming Japanese creatures; this holds particularly true of the asishas. They look like giantesses.

Miss Bates is an agreeable comedienne; n tragic climaxes she runs to theatricalism and drastic monotony. This may be easily remedied by a toning down of her scream ings, pantings and floor poundings. It is her early self and one with which we are tolerably familiar. She lacks nuance; she bounds at a climax, never modulates toward it. And her voice, one full of charming vibrations, is in moments of stress a thing of wrath. Singularly enough in her fiercest transports she never touches the heart; you admire the occasional dexterity, but never sorrow with the character. The reason is because of her too strenuous action.

Miss Bates is recommended to read the so-called Diderot paradox. Until she controls herself she will never control the critical ones of her audience-and it is to the critical, not to the groundlings, that she desires to appeal! A woman of interesting personality, with more brains than temperament, she yet may achieve any victory in her calling if she goes about it the right way. In comedy parts she is unaffectedly

natural-a rare combination. It is George Arliss, a wonderful actor, who dominates the play. He is Japanesewhich Miss Bates never is-and he is hideously real. In the fourth act his notation of lust is absolutely infernal. Such passion must have been lit at the very grate of hell! And he compasses it all without a palpable effort. Terrible, too, is his vile rage and despair after being repulsed by Yo-San. His face becomes a monstrous mask, seamed by monstrous cruelties. We recall with pleasure Mr. Arliss in London as the deft comedian, the best of Cayley Drummeles; but we confess to being surprised at his versatility. The man is a great artist.

With Eleanor Moretti, he is the only one of the principals who has the Japanese hands; the most expressive hands in the world, subtle cruel-if you will-but artistic; the hands that achieve miracles in ivory, on canvas, and in the exquisite medium of landscape gardening. Miss Bates has solid, sensible, unimaginative hands, and Mr Haines has the real American sturdy flat courageous, self-contained and practical However, these things are not blots on the performance; they are not essentials thing more. Why does Mr. Belasco allow that little speech at the end of Act Il .? It is laughter-breeding, to be sure, and Miss Bates utters it in her best comedy manner; but it kills the tragic atmosphere so skilfully evoked, kills it with a simple verbal inversion. We realize that it is put in to relax the dramatic tension, the scene in which blood has been freely spiltbut why relax it at all? In America we haven't the courage of our emotions; we fear to feel; it shames us; hence the burlesque tags that sneak into our plays, the cheap, cynical self mockings. It may be effective, but most certainly it is inartistic

Let our dramatists go to Pinero occasionally; to "Iris" often. In that beautifully constructed play there is no seeking after facile effects. All springs logically from the motives. We regret that Virginia

the town of Salamis a sum of money at Harned and Oscar Asche have left us. We 48 per cent. On their failure to pay, he do not agree with the sentiment expressed is that old song of Handel's. "Hence Iris,

> Otherwise the week has not been fertile in surprises. Mr. Willard returned and at the Garden Theatre made new friends, and held old ones with his supple art and everwelcome person. In "The Cardinal," in "David Garrick," he delighted as usual. His company is an excellent one

> It is quite a matter of indifference nowadays whether Mr. Goodwin appears in a masterpiece or in a play of most modest pretens. . Be is Nat Goodwin, the wellbeloved toe rare comedian and unspoilt man. "The Altar of Friendship," by Made leine Lucette Ryley, is not a remarkable offering, yet it is an agreeable one-one that gives Mr. Goodwin scope for his manysided gifts and affords opportunities for Maxine Elliott in the delineation of a rather volatile, mildly flirting, beautiful woman She looks the part-of course. The comedy is new to New York, though played on the road for a season or so by Mr. Mason. Large audiences nightly fill the Knickerbocker Theatre, where Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin are fulfilling their first engagement in this city for nearly two years

> Thoroughly enjoyable, though a totally different genre from "Alt Heidelberg." Der Kuss," by the Hungarian Ludwig Doczy, now on the boards of Mr. Heinrich Conried's playhouse in Irving place. It sets forth a romantic Spanish story with a delicate undercurrent of humor. It was capitally enacted by Misses Osterman, Dalberg and Rocco and Messrs. Feist Schlaghammer and Claudius. A capital idea of Manager Conried's is the projected series of special matinees for schools, the first of which began yesterday with *Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm.

> Take the theatrical week by and large it has been an extraordinary one. Belasco saturated our senses with lovely hues, sounds, scents and exotic romance; Mansfield thrilled us with Shakespeare, and on this note we end with the potent eloquence of Thomas de Quincey:

"O mighty poet! Thy works are not those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers-like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our faculties and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert; but that the further we press in our discoveries the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing JAMES HUNEKER. but accident!"

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Mme. Louise Homer is hurt. It seems nat some person set in circulation a laise tale accounting for her sudden illness at the outset of the season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. It will be recalled, perhaps, that Mme. Homer was in evidence n the first performance, that of Verdi's Itello," and that when the third opera, ". I la." was to have been given she was unable to appear.

It will also be recalled that Mme. Homer has a very young son. Now, some one said that this heir apparent had enjoyed only about four weeks' experience of human existence previous to the opening of the opera season. Mme. Homer was hurt by that statement, and she said it was not true. Her son had dwelt among mortals for something like six months before she sang Emilia in "Otello."

Emilia in "Otello."

The publication of details of the domestic life of the prima donna has long been one of the cherished industries of certain newspapers, but on this occasion the information herewith conv.y.d is given with the sanction—in fact, with the earnest desire—of the charming contralto herself.

gin at Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening. Herman Hans Wetzler is to conduct the first one. Last season these entertainments were all conducted by Franz Arens, but he found that he could not afford to continue the work. He was doing it at a considerable sacrifice of his time and was neglecting his pupils. So this winter each of the series will be directed by a different leader. Mr. Arens will conduct one concert, and it is safe to say that he will reeive a welcome of the most demonstrative

He made himself very dear to his lower He made himself very dear to his lower East Side audiences. It would do some of the attendants at uptown concerts good to go down to cooper Institute and see how interested and intelligent the hearers down there are. Owing to the admirable explanatory talks of Mr. Arens those who went regularly to the concerts last winter possess a sound acquaintance with sym-phonic form. At the close of the season Mr. Arens was talking familiarly to them about matters of which some conservatory students are ignorant. It was a delight to waten the evidences of clear and sympathe Cooper Union audiences.

Rafael Joseffy, the distinguished pianist. s not dead, nor even sleeping, up at his home in Tarrytown. He has recertly pubished through Schirmer, a book of piano exercises, eatitled "School of Advanced Piar o Playir g," which will assuredly take its place among standard works of technic. Mr. Joseffy knows what he is writing about when he takes up such a subject, and this book is the outcome of years of study and

Henry T. Fir.ck, the lover of Wagner and Chopin and Grieg, has edited Fifty Naster-eorgs," a collection of vocal pieces by the leading composers, and has written for it an i troduction. James Huneker, whose book on Chopin gave him an undisputed position among the authorities on this master, has edited Forty Plano Composi-tions of Fré édic Chopin." He has made a careful selection as d'a detailed study of the lection with such an essay as he alone could write on Chopin's music. These two works come from the Ditson press.

Lilli Lehmann, the famous dramatic soprano and opponent of the use of birds plumage on hats, is at nome in Berlin, where the lives frugally on the substantial accumulations of some thirty years of ir dustry. ecoromy and prude ce. It was always predicted that Mme. Lehman, would not be predicted that Mme. Lehmann would not be found suffering from want in her old age. Of course she is not old yet. She is 52 and she has been on the stage thirry-four years. She says so herself in the introduction to her book on singing, which the Macmillans have just published.

The English title of the book, which was translated by Richard Aldrich, the accomplished musical editor of the New York Times, is "How to Sing." The German title is "Meine Gesangeskurst," which means "My Art of Song." The innate modesty of this sitle is characteristic of Mme. Lehmann.

Mme. Lehmann.

The book, however, is a notable contribution to the literature of vocal art. It is the fullest at d most technical explanation of the method of single g now to be found in English. It is severely practical and will be invaluable to teachers and students. Mmc. Lehmann may be too modest, but her book praises her by its excellence.

A young man who had no business in the Metropolitan Opera House poked his proboscis into the dark and empty auditorium last Wednesday morning. He did it because the house bills announced that Verdi's "La Traviata" would be performed that evening and certain sounds

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which came from within indicated that preparations were making for something very different from the Swan of Busseto's mellifluous setting of the woes of a demi-

was this: The couch (robed in white samite) on which Violetta dies of vocal consumpon which Violetta dies of vocal consumption in the last act was drawn down close to the footlights. Upon it in an attitude of comfort sat the Dresden tenor, Mr. Anthes. In the cavernous depths before him was the entire opera crchestra, conducted by Alired Hertz. And they were rehearsing a portion of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

und Isolde."

Then the horrible thought dawned on the young man: What if Violetta should run away with Tristan and leave Isolde only Alfredo and his laces? The next thing after that would be for Faust to strike up a firstation with Brunnhilde and Scarpia to start out in chase of Scala. But there is no telling where that sor of thing would end.

Signor Andrew Boyd, impresario of doors, windows, carpets, hinges and other essentials at the opera house, is a veteran of the Civil War and can tell with moving eloquence how he sat on the beach at Hampton Roads and saw the great mill between the Monitor and the Merrimac. He is a person of dignity and is seldem moved to light laughter. Fut—to introduce the dialect of the vandevilles into grand opera society—he almost threw a fit one day toward the end of the week when one of his assistants handed h.m. the poem picked up in the dress circle and evidently called out by the continued illthe company:

Oh. Carrie Bridewell:
You do hide well:
Why don't you sing?
Oh. Carrie Bridewell:
I have cried well
For you, sweet thing:

A story comes from the delectable land of Britain where they could nuse on the Handel list, that at a recent Queen's Hall concert Ysrye was playing the Prethoven concerto for the violin and Emil Peur was conducting, when the latter made an error. Thereupon Ysaye turned and publicly rebuked him.

This is a right good story and it may have a foundation of truth in it. There are many persons in this country who will readily comprehend how it could happen that so distinguished an artist as the Bel-gian violatist could so far forget himself as to be discourreque to a conductor before an absence of two years from the charming contralto herself.

The People's Symphony concerts will be
as to be discourreque to a conductor before an absence of two years from the city. They are renewing, and perhaps exceeding, the success which they achieved in "When We Were Twenty-one." as to be discourteous to a conductor before after an absence of two years from the would probably have been dubbed th absent-minded fiddler.

> One of the glories of feminine costumery this winter is the Bishop's sleeve. Now just when B shops began to wear such sleeves no one has yet come forward to explain, but it may be assumed that they are of considerable age. Bishops them-selves date back pretty well, and although here is room for suspicion that at one time there is room for suspicion that at one time they did not wear any sleeves, either on their arms or their other limbs, it is equally certain that the date at which they began to wear them could be found by the person who would look for it in the right place. Those who attended the opening performance of the opera and who had not this subject serious consideration

> this subject serious consideration must have come to the conclusion that such sleeves as we now call bishop's sleeves were first worn about the time when Ctiello began to swallow cunning tales of lago about Mrs. Othello and her "fazzoletto" or Anglicé handkerchief. This was about the middle of the summer of 1570, for Othello returned home victorious in May.
>
> On Monday evening Othello appeared in the second act of Verdi's opera in a most gorgeous, bath robe, or house gown, or gorgeous, bath robe, or house gown, or lounging wrap. There is no telling what the Venetians called such things. This one was brilliant scarlet, elaborately ornamented with rich trimmings. It had a cowl and the bishop's sleeves. The latter had evidently just come into fashion, and Othello's tailor was not familier with their he had made them about two

> nches too long.
>
> The result was that all through that try-In result was that all through that trying period of his life, when he was conceiving the idea that his wife was too fond of
> Cassio that she had given him the fetal
> fazzoletto, "and that on the whole Othello's
> occupation was gone, he could not get his
> hands out of those bishop's sleeves so as
> to make a greature. And he wished to make to make a gesture. And he wished to make such a lot. It was really quite touching to see him desperately turning up his cuffs which wouldn't stay turned up. Betting is even that the rown has gone back to the teilor for alterations.



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JULIA MARLOWE COMES BACK TO PLAT "THE CAVALIER."

Continuing Engagements of Mansfield. Willard, Blanche Bates, the Goodwins, J. K. Hackett and Other Admired Actors-Floodtide of the Season.

Virginia Harned and "Iris" disappear from the Criterion Theatre this week to make way for Julia Marlowe and "The Cavalier," for whom much success has been confidently predicted. There will be stiring times at the Criterion during the engagement of this Louisiana war drama, made by Paul Keeter and George Middleton from George W. Cable's novel of the same name. Miss Marlowe will be assisted in the production by Frank Worthing, Edgar L. Davenport. Kate Lester and other good actors.

That there are lovers in abundance of Shakespeare finely acted has been demonstrated for a week at the Herald Square. where Richard Mansfield is superbly presenting "Julius Cæsar." His organization has been so perfected that the play moves expeditiously. His stay in New York is limited to six more weeks.

E. S. Willard will continue to appear in The Cardinal" at the Garden Theatre. The play of osen for the special matinee on Thursday of this week is "The Professor's Love Story." Mr. Willard will repeat "David Gunick" by special request at the matinés on Dec. 18.

"The Darling of the Gods." the Japanese play in which Blanche Bates is starring at the Belasco Theatre, is certain to be one of the very notable dramatic triumphs of the year. Mr. Belasco asks the patrons of the house to remember that the curtain must be raised at 8 o'clock every night and to be in their seats correspondingly early.

The friends of N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have been giving them a hearty welcome at the Knickerbocker Theatre, where they are acting "The Altar of Friendship.

James K. Hackett has been unable to make arrangements to remain in New York with "The Crisis" longer than the six weeks for which he originally contracted. The latter half of his engagement at Vallack's will begin to-morrow night. He is assured of crowded houses as long as he is here.

There will be sincere regret when Ethel Barrymore departs from the Savoy with "Carrots" and "A Country Mouse." New Yorkers have fallen in love with her French boy and the roguish girl of the longer play. Three weeks more of them and then Clyde Fitch's "Girl With the Green Eyes."

"Imprudence" goes merrily on at the Empire, with William Faversham winning new honors among old friends and Miss Fay Davis making a welcome place for herself on this her first introduction to New York. "Imprudence" is the kind of a love story and comedy that never fails to charm. Mary Mannering is exhibiting "The Stub-

bornness of Geraldine" to large audiences at every performance she gives in the Gar-rick. This is another v holesome, pretty comedy, and it has its reward. "Emilia Galotti" will be seen at the Irving Place Theatre to-morrow night, and will be repeated only once, on Friday. On Tues-

day, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday Manager Conried will present "Der Bureau-krat," with Willy Frey in the title role. Ferdinand Bonn will begin to rlay "Hamlet" at this house about the "rst of January. "Audrey," the crematization of Mary Johnston's popular novel, remains at the Madison Square. Eleanor Robson, the star, is, as she has always been, a favorite

actress in this city. There are more persons who want to see Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala" than the Manhattan Theatre can accommodate at some performances. Seats are being sold for a month in advance. Earl Brown will soon join the company as Haran.

There is no decrease in the desire of playgoers to see Viola Allen and Hall Caine's latest drama, "The Eternal City," at the Victoria Theatre. As was the case with Miss Allen's Glory Quayle, in Mr. Caine's other play, "The Christian," both the actress and her part are the subjects of wide animated discussion

Martin Harvey is going up to the Harlem Opera House this week to present "The Only Way." All the other plays in his repertoire have been put aside, and only this one will be seen during the rest of his American

Dan Daly comes to town to-morrow night with the musical farce called "The New Clown," which will be put on at the Grand Opera House. It is said that this favorite comedian loses none of his drollery in his latest piece. Merril Osborne, Louis Harrion and a numerous company support

This is good-by week for Weedon Grossmith and "The Night of the Party" at the Princess Theatre. Their visit has been delightful to theatregoers and profitable to themselves. They are booked for a short tour of the country. "Heidelberg," an adaptation of the German comedy "Alt Heidelberg," follows them at the

"The Silver Slipper" trips along gayly at the Broadway, reaching its fiftieth performance to-morrow night. Mackenzie Gordon, the church and concert singer,